

Paul. Tell her (*Emilia*)

He vfe that tongue I haue: If wit flow from't
As boldnesse from my bosome, let not be doubted
I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you blest for it.

He to the Queene: please you come something neerer.

Gao. Madam, if it please the Queene to send the babe,
I know not what I shall incur, to passe it,
Hauing no warrant.

Paul. You neede not feare it (*fit*)

This Childe was prisoner to the wombe, and is
By Law and proesse of great Nature, thence
Free'd, and enfranchis'd, not a partie to
The anger of the King, nor guilty of
(If any be) the trespasse of the Queene.

Gao. I do beleuee it.

Paul. Do not you feare: vpon mine honor, I
Will stand betwixt you, and danger.

Exeunt

Scena Tertia.

*Enter Leontes, Seruants, Paulina, Antigonus,
and Lords.*

Leo. Nor night, nor day, no rest: It is but weaknesse
To beare the matter thus: meere weaknesse, if
The cause were not in being: part o'th' cause,
She, th' Adulteresse: for the harlot-King
Is quite beyond mine Arme, out of the blanke
And leuell of my braine: plot-prooffe: but shee,
I can haooke to me: say that she were gone,
Giuen to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me againe. Whose there?

Ser. My Lord.

Leo. How do's the boy?

Ser. He tooke good rest to night: 'tis hop'd
His sicknesse is discharg'd.

Leo. To see his Noblenesse,
Conceyning the dishonour of his Mother.
He straight declin'd, droop'd, tooke it deeply,
Fasten'd, and fix'd the flame on't in himselfe:
Threw-off his Spirit, his Appetite, his Sleepe,
And down-right languish'd. Leau me solely: goe,
See how he fares: Fie, fie, no thought of him,
The very thought of my Reuenges that way
Recoyle vpon me: in himselfe too mightie,
And in his parties, his Alliance; Let him be,
Vntill a time may serue. For present vengeance
Take it on her: *Camillo*, and *Polixenes*
Laugh at me: make their pastime at my sorrow:
They should not laugh, if I could reach them, nor
Shall she, within my powre.

Enter Paulina.

Lord. You must not enter.

Paul. Nay rather (good my Lords) be second to me:
Feare you his tyrannous passion more (alas)
Then the Queenes life? A gracious innocent soule,
More free, then he is ialous.

Antig. That's enough.

Ser. Madam; he hath not slept to night, commanded
None should come at him.

Paul. Not so hot (good Sir)

I come to bring him sleepe. 'Tis such as you

That creepe like shadowes by him, and do sighte
At each his needlesse heauings: such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking. I
Do come with words, as medicinall, as true;
(Honest, as either;) to purge him of that humor,
That presses him from sleepe.

Leo. Who noyse there, hoe?

Paul. No noyse (my Lord) but needfull conference,
About some Gossips for your Highnesse.

Leo. How?

Away with that audacious Lady. *Antigonus*,
I charg'd thee that she should not come about me,
I knew she would.

Ant. I told her so (my Lord)

On your displeasures perill, and on mine,
She should not visit you.

Leo. What? canst not rule her?

Paul. From all dishonestie he can: in this
(Vnlesse he take the course that you haue done)
Commit me, for committing honor, trust it,
He shall not rule me:

Ant. La-you now, you heare,
When she will take the rains, I let her run,
But shee'l not stumble.

Paul. Good my Liege, I come:
And I beseech you heare me, who professes
My selfe your loyall Seruant, your Physitian,
Your most obedient Counsaillor: yet that dares
Lesse appeare so, in comforting your Euilles,
Then such as most seeme yours. I say, I come
From your good Queene.

Leo. Good Queene?

Paul. Good Queene (my Lord) good Queene,
I say good Queene,
And would by combat, make her good so, were I
A man, the worst about you.

Leo. Force her hence.

Paul. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
First hand me: on mine owne accord, Ile off,
But first, Ile do my errand. The good Queene
(For she is good) hath brought you forth a daughter,
Heere 'tis: Commends it to your blessing.

Leo. Out:

A mankinde Witch? Hence with her, out o' dore:
A most intelligencing bawd.

Paul. Nor so:

I am as ignorant in that, as you,
In so enticling me: and no lesse honest
Then you are mad: which is enough, Ile warrant
(As this world goes) to passe for honest:

Leo. Traitors:

Will you not push her out? Giue her the Bastard,
Thou dotard, thou art woman-tyr'd: vnroosted
By thy dame *Partlet* heere. Take vp the Bastard,
Take't vp, I say: giue't to thy Croane.

Paul. For euer

Vnvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'st vp the Princeesse, by that forced basenesse
Which he ha's put vpon't.

Leo. He dreads his Wife.

Paul. So I would you did: then 'twere past all doubt
You'd call your children, yours.

Leo. A nest of Traitors.

Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Paul. Nor I: nor any

But one that's heere: and that's himselfe: for he,

The

The sacred Honor of himselfe, his Queenes,
His hopefull Sonnes, his Babes, betrayes to Slander,
Whose sting is sharper then the Swords; and will not
Whose case now stands, it is a Curse
(For as the case now stands, it is a Curse
He cannot be compell'd too't) once remoue
The Root of his Opinion, which is rotten,
As euer Oake, or Stone was found.

Leo. A Callar

Of boundlesse tongue, who late hath beat her Husband,
And now bayts me: This Brat is none of mine,
It is the Issue of *Polixenes*,
Hence with it, and together with the Dam,
Commit them to the fire.

Paul. It is yours:

And might we lay th' old Prouerb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worfe. Behold (my Lords)
Although the Print be little, the whole Matter
And Copy of the Father: (Eye, Nose, Lippe,
The trick of's Frowne, his Fore-head, nay, the Valley,
The pretty dimples of his Chin, and Cheeke; his Smiles:
The very Mold, and frame of Hand, Nayle, Finger.)
And thou good Goddesse *Nature*, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the Mind too, mongst all Colours
No Yellow in't, least the suspect, as he do's,
Her Children, not her Husbands.

Leo. A grosse Hagge:

And Lozell, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her Tongue.

Antig. Hang all the Husbands

That cannot doe that Feat, you'le leaue your selfe
Hardly one Subiect.

Leo. Once more take her hence.

Paul. A most vnworthy, and vnnatural Lord
Can doe no more.

Leo. He ha's thee burnt.

Paul. I care not:

It is an Heretique that makes the fire,
Not she which burnes in't. Ile not call you Tyrant:
But this most cruell vface of your Queene
(Not able to produce more accusation
Then your owne weake-hindg'd Fancy) somthing fauours
Of Tyrannie, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the World.

Leo. On your Allegiance,

Out of the Chamber with her. Were I a Tyrant,
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her.

Paul. I pray you doe not push me, Ile be gone.
Looke to your Babe (my Lord) 'tis yours: I send her
A better guiding Spirit. What needs these hands?
You that are thus so tender o're his Follyes,
Will neuer doe him good, not one of you,
So, so: Farewell, we are gone. *Exit.*

Leo. Thou (Traytor) hast set on thy Wife to this.

My Child? away with't: euen thou, that hast
A heart so tender o're it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consum'd with fire.

Euen thou, and none but thou. Take it vp straight:
Within this houre bring me word 'tis done,
(And by good testimonie) or Ile seize thy life,

With what thou else call'st thine: if thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my Wrath, say so;

The Bastard-braynes with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out, Goe, take it to the fire,

For thou set'st on thy Wife.

Antig. I did n

These Lords, my

Can cleare me in

Lords. We can

He is not guiltie o

Leo. You're ly

Lord. Beseech

We haue alwayes

So to esteeme of

(As recompence

Past, and to come

Which being so h

Lead on to some

Leo. I am a Pe

Shall I liue on, to

And call me Fathe

Then curse it then

It shall not neyth

You that haue bee

With Lady *Mar*

To faue this Bast

So sure as this Bea

To saue this Brats

Antig. Any th

That my abilitie

And Noblenesse i

Ile pawne the litt

To saue the innoc

Leo. It shall be

Thou wilt perfor

Antig. I will

Leo. Marke, ar

Of any point in't

Death to thy selfe

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As thou art Liege

This female Bast

To some remote

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Antig. I swea

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Leo. No: Ile

Another's Issue,

Seru. Please

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Lord. So plea

Hath beene beye

Leo. Twentie

They haue beene

The great *Apollo*